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## For the Hartford Herald.

### MAKING UP DOUGH.

BY ALEX. H. CUMMINGS.

"Twas a beautiful evening,  
And sweet shone the moon,  
Her soft rays were as bright  
As mid-day in June,  
As away to the well  
I concluded to go,  
Where a beautiful girl  
Was making up dough.  
The tea-kettle at home  
Was simmering low,  
For want of the fluid  
To boil it, you know,  
So I drew up the water,  
Reluctant and slow,  
And gazed long at the girl  
A making up dough.  
I sat down to the table  
Quite thoughtful and sad,  
The "Young Hyson" was weak,  
The beef steak was bad,  
So I took up a biscuit,  
Quite natural, you know,  
And I thought of the girl  
A making up dough.  
I dreamed in my sleep,  
While the stars shone above,  
Like so many warm biscuits,  
All wrapp'd up in love;  
Of the white tapering arms,  
And cheeks all aglow,  
Of the sweet witching creature  
A making up dough.  
I concluded each evening  
To visit the well,  
And draw up the water,  
Enticed by the spell  
That gleam'd from the window,  
Until I should know  
The angelic creature  
A making up dough.  
So one lucky evening—  
I remember it well—  
Just as I was leaving,  
I stumbled and fell:  
My head struck the window—  
It frightened her so—  
The timid young creature  
A making up dough.  
All matters explained,  
She laugh'd at her fear,  
And blushed when I told her  
The fault was all hers;  
To me, nothing more beautiful,  
E'en the roses that blow,  
Than the witching young creature  
A making up dough.  
Time, with his troubles,  
Has rolled on each year,  
Changing joy into sorrow  
And doubt into fear,  
And I sigh at the changes—  
The road to know—  
On the cheeks of my darling  
Who made up the dough.

## THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.  
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"  
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty  
Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"  
"The Son of Athos," "The Lionel Lincoln,"  
"The Iron Mask," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER V.

THE TULIP FINANCER AND HIS NEIGHBOR.  
Whilst the burghers of the Hague  
were tearing in pieces the bodies of John  
and Cornelius De Witte, and whilst Wil-  
liam of Orange, after having made sure  
that his two antagonists were dead, was  
galloping on the Leyden road, followed by  
Captain Van Deken, whom he found a  
little too compassionate to honor him any  
longer with his confidence, Craeke, the  
faithful servant, mounted on a good  
horse, and little suspecting what terrible  
events had taken place since his depart-  
ure, proceeded along the high road lined  
with trees, until he was clear of the town  
and the neighboring villages.

Being once safe, he, with a view of  
avoiding suspicion, left his horse at a  
livery stable, and, quietly continuing his  
journey on the canal-boats to Dort, soon  
descended that cheerful city, at the foot of  
a hill dotted with windmills. He saw the  
fine red brick houses, mortared in white  
linens, standing on the edge of the water,  
and their balconies, open towards the  
river decked with silk tapestry embroid-  
ered with gold flowers, the wonderful  
manufacture of India and China; and  
near the brilliant stalls, large lines set to  
catch the voracious eels, which are at-  
tracted towards the houses by the gar-  
bage thrown every day from the kitchen  
into the river.

Craeke, standing on the deck of the  
boat, saw, across the moving sails of the  
windmills, on the slope of the hill, the  
red and pink house which was the goal  
of his errand. The outlines of its roof  
were merging in the yellow foliage of a  
certain of poplar-trees, the whole habita-  
tion having for back-ground a dark grove  
of gigantic elms. The mansion was sit-  
uated in such a way, that the sun, fall-  
ing on it as into a funnel, dried up  
warm, and fertilized the mist which  
the verdant screen could not prevent the  
river-wind from carrying there ever morn-  
ing and evening.

Having disembarked unobserved among  
the usual bustle of the city, Craeke at  
once directed his steps towards the house  
which we have just described, and which  
—white, trim, and tidy, even more clean-  
ly sound and more carefully waxed in  
the hidden corners than in the places  
which were exposed to view—inclosed a  
truly happy mortal.

This happy mortal, *rara avis*, was

Doctor Van Baerle, the godson of Corne-  
lius De Witte. He had inhabited the  
same house ever since his childhood; for  
it was the house in which his father and  
grandfather, old-established princely  
merchants of the princely city of Dort,  
were born.

Myneer Van Baerle, the father, had  
amassed in the Indian trade, three or  
four hundred thousand guilders, which  
Myneer Van Baerle, the son, at the  
death of his dear and worthy parents,  
found still quite new, although one set of  
them bore the date of coinage of 1640,  
and the other that of 1610, a fact which  
proved that they were guilders of Van  
Baerle the father, and of Van Baerle the  
grandfather; but we will inform the read-  
er at once, that these three or four hun-  
dred thousand guilders were only the  
pocket-money, or a sort of purse, for  
Cornelius Van Baerle, the hero of this  
story, and his landed property in the  
province yielded him an income of about  
ten thousand guilders a year.

When the worthy citizen, the father of  
Cornelius, passed from time into eternity,  
three months after having buried his  
wife, who seemed to have departed first  
to smooth for him the path of death as  
she had smoothed for him the path of  
life, he said to his son as he embraced  
him for the last time,—

"Eat, drink, and spend your money, if  
you wish to know what life really is; for  
as to toiling from morn to evening on a  
wooden stool, or a leathern chair, in a  
counting-house or a laboratory, that cer-  
tainly is not living. Your time to die  
will also come; and if you are not then  
so fortunate as to have a son, you will let  
my name grow extinct, and my guilders  
which no one has ever fingered but my  
father, myself, and the coiner, will have  
the surprise of passing to an unknown  
master. And least of all imitate the ex-  
ample of our godfather Cornelius De  
Witte, who has plunged into politics,  
the most ungrateful of all careers, and  
who will certainly come to an untimely  
end."

Having given utterance to this pater-  
nel advice, the worthy Myneer Van  
Baerle died, to the intense grief of his  
son Cornelius, who cared very little for  
the guilders, and very much for his father.

Cornelius, then, remained alone in his  
large house. In vain his godfather of-  
fered to him a place in the public service;  
in vain did he try to give him a taste for  
glory. Cornelius Van Baerle, who was  
present in De Ruyter's flag-ship, "The  
Seven Provinces," at the battle of South-  
wold Bay, only calculated after the fight  
was over, how much time a man, who  
likes to shut himself up within his own  
thoughts, is obliged to waste in closing  
his eyes and stopping his ears, whilst his  
fellow-creatures indulge in the pleasure  
of shooting at each other with cannon-  
balls. He, therefore, bade farewell to  
De Ruyter, to his godfather, and to glory;  
kissed the hands of the Grand Pensionar-  
y, for whom he felt a profound veneration,  
and retired to his house at Dort, where  
he possessed every element of what alone  
was happiness to him.

He studied plants and insects, collected  
and classified the Flora of all the Dutch  
islands, arranged the whole entomology  
of the province, on which he wrote a  
treatise, with plates drawn by his own  
hands, and at last, being at a loss what  
to do with his time, and especially with  
his money, which went on accumulating  
at a most alarming rate, he took it into  
his head to select for himself, from all the  
folies of his country and of his age, one  
of the most elegant and expensive,—he  
became a tulip fancier.

It was the time when the Dutch and  
the Portuguese, rivalling each other in  
this branch of horticulture, had begun to  
idolize and almost worship that flower,  
which originally had come from the East.

Some people from Dort to Mons began  
to talk of Myneer Van Baerle's tulips;  
and his beds, pits, drying-rooms, and  
drawers of bulbs were visited, as the gal-  
eries and libraries of Alexandria were by  
illustrious Roman travelers.

Van Baerle began by expending his  
yearly revenue in laying the ground-  
work of his collection, after which he  
broke in upon his new guilders to bring  
it to perfection. His exertions, indeed,  
were crowned with a most magnificent  
result: he procured three new tulips,  
which he called the "Jane," after his  
mother; the "Van Baerle," after his  
father; and the "Cornelius," after his  
godfather; the other names have escaped us,  
but the fanciers will be sure to find  
them in the catalogues of the times.

In the beginning of the year 1672, Cor-  
nelius De Witte came to Dort for three  
months, to live at his old family mansion;  
for not only was he in that city, but his  
family had been resident there for  
centuries.

Cornelius, at that period, as William  
of Orange said, began to enjoy the most  
perfect unpopularity. To his fellow-  
citizens, the good burghers of Dort,  
however, he did not appear in the light  
of a criminal who deserved to be hung.  
It is true, they did not particularly like  
his somewhat austere republicanism, but  
they were proud of his valor; and when  
he made his entrance into their town, the  
cup of honor was offered to him, readily

enough in the name of the city.  
After having thanked his fellow-citi-  
zens, Cornelius proceeded to his old pater-  
nal house, and gave directions for some  
repairs, which he wished to have execu-  
ted before the arrival of his wife and  
children; and thence he wended his way  
to the house of his godson, who, per-  
haps, was the only person in Dort as yet  
unacquainted with the presence of Cor-  
nelius in the town.

In the same degree as Cornelius De  
Witte had excited the hatred of the peo-  
ple, by sowing those evil seeds which  
are called political passions, Van Baerle  
had gained the affections of his fellow-  
citizens by completely shunning the pur-  
suit of politics, absorbed as he was in the  
peaceful pursuit of cultivating tulips.

Van Baerle was truly beloved by his  
servants and laborers; nor had he any  
conception that there was in this world  
a man who wished ill to another.

And yet it must be said, to the dis-  
grace of mankind, that Cornelius Van  
Baerle, without being aware of the fact,  
had a much more ferocious, fierce, and  
implacable enemy than the Grand Pen-  
sionary and his brother had among the  
Orange party.

At the time when Cornelius Van  
Baerle began to devote himself to tulip-  
growing, expending on this hobby his  
yearly revenue and the guilders of his  
father, there was at Dort, living next  
door to him, a citizen of the name of  
Isaac Bostel, who, from the age when he  
was able to think for himself, had in-  
dulged the same fancy, and who was in-  
coercible at the mere mention of the word  
tulips.

Bostel had not the good fortune of be-  
ing rich like Van Baerle. He had, there-  
fore, with great care and patience, and  
by dint of strenuous exertions, laid out  
near his house at Dort, a garden fit for  
the culture of his cherished flower; he  
had mixed the soil according to the most  
approved prescriptions, and given to his  
tulips just as much heat and air as the  
strictest rules of horticulture exact.

Isaac knew the temperature of his  
frames to the twentieth part of a degree.  
He knew the strength of the current of  
air, and tempered it so as to adapt it to  
the wave of the stems of his flowers.  
His productions also began to meet with  
the favor of the public. They were beau-  
tiful, nay, distinguished. Several fan-  
ciers had come to see Bostel's tulips. He  
had even started a tulip which bore his  
name, and which, after having traveled  
all through France, had found its way  
into Spain, and penetrated as far as Por-  
tugal; and the King, Don Alphonse VI.,  
—who, being expelled from Lisbon, re-  
tired to the Island of Terceira, where he  
amused himself, not, like the Great Con-  
de, with watering his carnations, but  
with growing tulips—had, on seeing the  
Bostel tulip, exclaimed, "Not so bad, by  
any means."

All at once, Cornelius Van Baerle,  
who, after all his learned pursuits, had  
been seized with the tulipomania, made  
some changes in his house at Dort, which,  
as we have stated, was next door to that  
of Bostel. He raised a certain building  
in his courtyard by a story, which, shut-  
ting out the sun, took half a degree of  
warmth from Bostel's garden, and, on the  
other hand, added half a degree of cold  
in the winter; not to mention that it cut  
the wind, and disturbed all the horticul-  
tural circulations and arrangements of  
his neighbor.

After all, this mishap appeared to Bos-  
tel of no great consequence. Van Baerle  
was but a painter, a sort of fool who tried  
to reproduce, and disfigure on canvases  
the wonders of nature. The painter, he  
thought, had raised his studio by a story  
to get better light, and thus he had only  
been in the right. Myneer Van Baerle  
was a painter, as Myneer Bostel was a  
tulip grower; he wanted somewhat more  
sun for his paintings, and he took half a  
degree from his neighbor's tulips.

The law was for Van Baerle, and Bos-  
tel had to abide by it.

Besides which, Isaac had made the dis-  
covery that too much sun was injurious  
to tulips, and that this flower grew quick-  
er, and had a better coloring, with the  
temperate warmth of morning, than with  
the powerful heat of the midday sun. He,  
therefore, felt almost grateful to Corne-  
lius Van Baerle for having given him a  
screen gratis.

May be this was not quite in accord-  
ance with the true state of things, in gen-  
eral, and of Isaac Bostel's feelings in  
particular. It is certainly astonishing  
what rich comfort great minds, in the  
midst of mountainous catastrophes, will  
derive from the consolations of philoso-  
phy.

But, alas! what was the agony of the  
unfortunate Bostel on seeing the win-  
dows of the new story set out with bulbs  
and seedlings of tulips for the border, and  
tulips in pots; in short, with everything  
pertaining to the pursuits of a tulip-fan-  
cier.

There were bundles of labels, cup-  
boards, and drawers with compartments,  
and wire-guards for the cupboards, to al-  
low free access to the air whilst keeping  
out the slugs, mice, dormice, and rats,  
all of them very curious fanciers of tulips  
at two thousand francs a bulb.

Bostel was quite amazed when he saw  
all this apparatus, but he was not as yet

aware of the full extent of his misfortune.  
Van Baerle was known to be fond of ev-  
erything that pleases the eye. He studied  
nature in all her aspects for the benefit  
of his paintings, which were as minutely  
finished as those of Gerard Dow, his mas-  
ter, and of Mieris, his friend. Was it  
not possible, that, having to paint the in-  
terior of a tulip grower's, he had collect-  
ed in his new studio all the accessories  
of decoration?

Yet, although thus consoling himself  
with illusory suppositions, Bostel was not  
able to resist the burning curiosity which  
was devouring him. In the evening,  
therefore, he placed a ladder against the  
partition-wall between their gardens, and,  
looking into that of his neighbor Van  
Baerle, he convulsed himself, the soil of a  
large square bed, which had formerly  
been occupied by different plants, was re-  
moved, and the ground disposed in beds  
of loam mixed with river mud (a combi-  
nation which is particularly favorable to  
the tulip), and the whole surrounded by  
a border of turf to keep the soil in its  
place. Besides this, sufficient shade to  
temper the noon-day heat, aspect S.S.W.;  
water in abundant supply, and at hand;  
in short, every requirement to insure not  
only success but also progress. There  
could not be a doubt but that Van Baerle  
had become a tulip-grower.

Bostel at once pictured to himself this  
learned man, with a capital of four  
hundred thousand, and a yearly income  
of ten thousand guilders, devoting all his  
intellectual and financial resources to the  
cultivation of the tulip. He foresaw his  
neighbor's success, and he felt such a  
 pang at the mere idea of his success,  
that his hands dropped powerless, his  
knees trembled, and he fell in despair  
from the ladder.

And thus it was not for the sake of paint-  
ed tulips, but for real ones, that Van  
Baerle took from him half a degree of  
warmth. And thus Van Baerle was to  
have the most admirably fitted aspect,  
and, besides, a large, airy and well-ven-  
tilated chamber, where to preserve his  
bulbs and seedlings whilst he, Bostel, had  
been obliged to give up for this purpose  
his bed-room, and, lest his sleeping in the  
same apartment might injure his bulbs  
and seedlings, had taken up his abode in  
a miserable garret.

Bostel, then, was to have next door to  
him a rival and successful competitor;  
his rival, instead of being *come une* un-  
known, obscure gardener, was the god-  
son of Myneer Cornelius De Witte, that  
is to say, a celebrity.

Bostel, as the reader may see, was not  
possessed of the spirit of Porus, who, on  
being conquered by Alexander, consoled  
himself with the celebrity of his con-  
queror.  
And now if Van Baerle produced a  
new tulip, and named it the John De  
Witte, after having named one the Cor-  
nelius? It was indeed enough to choke  
honest Isaac with rage.

Thus Bostel, with jealous foreboding,  
became the prophet of his own misfor-  
tune. And, after having made this mel-  
ancholy discovery, he passed the most  
wretched night imaginable.

[Continued next week.]

## INTERVIEWING A FARMER.

The Discouragement of a Crop Re-  
porter.

[Louisville Ledger.]

Wishing to keep posted as to the con-  
dition of the crops, and to ascertain the  
exact amount of damage done by the re-  
cent flood, a reporter of the Ledger start-  
ed out this morning on an interviewing  
expedition. He was fortunate enough to  
encounter a farmer at the edge of town,  
bringing a load of hay into the city.  
Burning with enthusiasm, the reporter  
halted him. He halted, and the follow-  
ing colloquy took place:

"How are you, friend?"  
"Tired."  
"What's the matter?"  
"Same as it always was."  
"What's that?"  
"Dried grass."  
"What did you think of the rain?"  
"Thought it was damp."  
"Didn't raise anything then, eh?"  
"Nothing but an umbrella."  
"What did your neighbors get?"  
"Chills and fever."  
"What are you doing now?"  
"Sitting out here in the sun, and maybe  
missing a chance to sell this hay. Come  
up here if you want to talk."

The reporter scrambled up to the side of  
his new made acquaintance, and as they  
jolted on he again produced his note book  
and continued:

"What did the farmers do last spring?"  
"Ran everything in the ground as usual."  
"Did your wheat do anything?"  
"Yes."  
"What?"  
"Sprouted."  
"Can you raise any tobacco?"  
"Yes. Do you want a chew?"  
"How are the potatoes?"  
"Under the weather somewhat, but  
able to be out."  
Becoming just the least bit discouraged,  
the reporter asked timidly:  
"Will you bring many beets to the city  
this year?"  
"Got a good load now," was the re-  
joinder, as he checked his horses and

said, "guess you'd better plant what I've  
told you, and see what it'll yield. Here's  
where you get off."

Remembering that it was just about  
time to report at the office, the baffled  
reporter after news climbed down the  
side of the wagon, and thinking that a  
soft answer turneth away wrath, he  
calmly said:

"That's nice hay, my friend; where  
did it come from?"

"Timothy seed," was the reply.

The interrogator grew faint, but he  
summoned up courage enough to ask:

"What do you think you will get for  
it?"

"Cash of course. Get up whitey, this  
fellow will talk us blind in a minute. He  
asks more questions than a catechism,"  
and before the discouraged representative  
of the press could recover from his sur-  
prise, the hay wagon had turned an ad-  
jacent corner.

## Farmers and Newspapers.

We have been frequently surprised to  
see how many farmers well to do in  
worldly riches, neglect or refuse to take  
some good paper for the benefit of him-  
self and family. They seem to think  
they have no interest in the affairs of the  
world; that they have to deal with nothing  
except the land they plow or the stock  
they feed, and their children rearing into  
ignorance. They forget they are a part  
of the human family, placed upon this  
orb to work out the plans of the good  
and wise Creator, and as such have no right  
to hamper the great streams of progress.

The laws of progression are as unalter-  
able as any others of nature and that  
man who impedes those laws with an off-  
spring—children uneducated and besotted  
with ignorance—commits a sin which  
reacts not only upon himself but on his  
descendants for long years in the future.

Newspapers are made to spread intelli-  
gence and improve the morals of man-  
kind. To the farmers above all men,  
they should be a necessity, from the fact  
that they afford him in his isolated con-  
dition the only means of mixing in the  
busy scenes of life. Man in his innate  
state becomes a personification of selfish-  
ness, caring only for himself. Develop-  
ment comes alone from associating with  
our fellow men, and appropriating to our-  
selves the advancement which they make.

No farmer should do without this social  
schooling, both for his own good and  
that of his children; and in no way can  
it be obtained so fully and cheaply as  
through the newspaper and periodicals  
literature of the day; and he who neglects  
to receive these advantages deprives him-  
self of light, and lives out his days in  
worse than heathen darkness.

## The Southern Mocking Bird.

Methodist Recorder.

But we must throw aside a handful of  
botanical specimens, and a page of mem-  
oranda for letter writing, else we should  
linger in these Mississippi woods all sum-  
mer. Hark! "Listen to the mocking!"  
Yonder on that water oak, how proudly  
he balances himself on the swinging  
bough. Will he sing? Yes. Only  
hearken. His notes are clearer than the  
notes of a flute, more shrill and ringing  
than the falsettos of the most perfect fal-  
set, endless in variety as if his octaves  
reached into the ethereal skies, and modu-  
lated with a grace beyond the range of  
words to express. He takes up the song  
of the thrush, the time-beat of the robin,  
the caroling of some distant swallows too  
faintly remote for our coarse ears to hear,  
the victor call of the lark mounting into  
the face of the sun, the chattering of the  
blue bird and a score of remembered can-  
cences from summers that are gone, and  
—hearken! He transposes them into a  
new creation. His original variations  
surpass Gottschalk's grandest liberties  
with "Home sweet Home." He swells  
his mellow melodies into an anthem; it  
rises, falls, repeats, strikes on, a very  
blessed Babel of confusing bewitching,  
captivating song, with notes too quick  
for pulsing time or quivering heart to tell  
—miracle of melody. And this from the  
throat of a stray mocking-bird, one of a  
million in the Mississippi woods? If God  
has so endowed a wild warbler of the  
forest, what rapturous surprise awaits us  
in the eternal morning when the new  
song shall strike our ravished ears!

## Plum Talk on a Plum Subject.

The Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, gave  
expression to these emphatic views on  
Sunday last when referring to the case of  
Jesse Pomeroy: "If we would have no  
monsters about us in the community, let  
not idiots or insane persons, or scrofulous  
or consumptives, those soaked in alcohol  
or conceived in lust, entering the world dis-  
eased in body or mind, or overweighed  
with any propensity or passion, be al-  
lowed to marry, any more than we would  
have a nursery for wolves and bears, or  
cultivate poisonous ivy, deadly night-  
shade, or apple-fern in the inclosure of  
our houses, our yards and fields. Society,  
by righteous custom, if not by statute  
law, has a right to prevent, to forbid the  
multiplication of monstrous specimens of  
humanity. That mewing, puking, droll-  
ing, walling baby ought not to exist; it  
is no blessing, but a curse of nature and  
God on the mis-doing of men and women."

## She Cured Him.

At last she completely cured him. For  
month she had patiently endured the  
pangs which so many thousand of young  
wives are compelled to suffer. Almost  
every morning at breakfast the husband  
expressed the hope that he might live to  
see the day when he could get such coffee  
as he used to have at home. Or such  
corn bread as his mother was wont to  
make and bake. At dinner the meat  
was overbaked in the range. To be sure  
his mother used to roast the meat in an  
old-fashioned tin oven, and the piece was  
always dun to a turn—the last turn of the  
revolving spit. Those days were forever  
gone. But he might and ought to get  
such a green apple pie, with new cheese  
as his mother used to give him. At  
length the long suffering wife arose in  
her wrath, upset the table, sending the  
dishes and their contents crashing to the  
carpet, strided over to her astonished hus-  
band, gave him a box on the ear, which  
knocked him off the chair, and remarked:  
"There's a clip over the head for you,  
such as your mother used to give you  
when you was a boy, golden yer." Thereafter there was domestic peace and  
quiet in that house, with never an allu-  
sion to the paternal cookery and comforts  
of the by-gone days.

## Young Widows.

Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, an em-  
inent physician and gentleman, has  
written an elaborate essay on the impor-  
tance of having trained and skilled nurses  
for the sick.

We fully agree with the learned Doc-  
tor. It is important. But where, outside  
of hospitals, are such nurses to be found?  
They can only be obtained by teaching  
wives and mothers—not the aged but the  
young women—to be nurses. And it  
should be a part of the education in all  
our fashionable seminaries. There is not  
a professor in one of them whose instruc-  
tion is so important to the comfort and  
longevity of the race as what one "old  
granny" knows.

There is many a young widow wearing  
her weeds, who might dress in colors, to-  
day, if she had only known how to take  
care of her husband when illness over-  
took him. This nursing is a matter, not  
of policy and convenience, but of life and  
death. And yet while young women  
must thrust—we believe that is the kind  
of phrase—pianos, if not till the crack of  
dawn, till we should think it would  
crack—it is not deemed worth while to  
teach them how to keep drinks cool for  
paroled and fevered lips, and how to  
change and place a pillow so as to make  
it seem to those weary with illness almost  
like the rest of heaven.

And so husbands, who might have  
lived, die; and young widows abound;  
but, then, you know, to some black is  
more becoming than colors.

A marvelous piece of mechanism, in  
the way of clocks, is described in the  
French journals. It is an eight day in-  
strument, with dead-beat escapement  
maintaining power. It chimes the quar-  
ters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three  
times every twelve hours, or will play at  
any time required. The hands go round  
as follows: one, once a minute; one, once  
an hour; one, once a week; one, once a  
month; one, once a year. It shows the  
moon's age; the rising and setting of the  
sun; the time of high and low water,  
half ebb, and half flood, and, by a beau-  
tiful contrivance, there is a part which  
represents the water which rises and falls,  
lifting some ships at high water tide as if  
they were in motion, and as it recedes,  
leaves these little automaton ships dry on  
the sands. The clock shows the hour of  
the day, day of the week, day of the  
month, month of the year, and in the day  
of the month there is provisions made for  
the long and short months. It shows  
the sign of the zodiac; it strikes or not, it  
chimes or not, as may be desired; and it  
has the equation table, showing the dif-  
ference of clock and sun every day of the  
year.

## A Rum Cure.

At a festival at a reformatory institution  
in New York recently, a gentleman said  
for the cure of intoxicating drinks: "I  
overcame the appetite by a receipt given  
me by Dr. Hatfield, one of those good  
old physicians who do not have percent-  
age with a neighboring druggist. When  
I called on him he said, 'now that you  
have the moral courage, I'll tell you the  
tonic which I have used with effect  
among my friends for twenty years.' I  
expected, of course, some nasty medicine  
stuff, but no, he prescribed an orange  
every morning, a half hour before break-  
fast. 'Take that, and you will neither  
want liquor or medicine.' I have done so  
regularly and find that liquor has become  
repulsive. The taste of the orange is in  
the saliva of the tongue, and it would be  
as well to mix water and oil as rum with  
my taste.

Now will the festive bed bug skirmish  
around the "ragged edge" of the sheet  
seeking a "soft spot" upon the "tall form"  
of the "painfully modest" young lady who  
arises "sleeping" and "screaming," strikes  
a light, goes in search of the intruder,  
murmuring, "I almost wish that I was  
dead."

# ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insert..... \$ 1 00  
One square, each additional insertion..... 50  
One square, one year..... 10 00  
One-fourth column, per year..... 20 00  
One-third column, per year..... 40 00  
One-half column, per year..... 60 00  
One column, one year..... 100 00  
For shorter time, at proportionate rates.  
One inch of space constitutes a square.  
The matter of yearly advertisements changed  
quarterly free of charge. For further particu-  
lars, address  
Jno. P. Barrett & Co., Publishers.

## Educational Matters.

The September number of the *Home  
and School Journal* contains several im-  
portant decisions of the State Superin-  
tendent of Public Instruction, and the ac-  
tions of the State Board of Education,  
relative to school matters. Below we  
give the decision of the State Board in  
regard to the power and duty of a trustee  
in assessing taxes for school purposes.

The trustee has power to assess a poll  
or capitation tax of fifty cents per annum  
on all the patrons of the district for pro-  
viding the school house with fuel, etc.  
What is the meaning of "patron?" Ev-  
ery one having the right to vote in an  
election for trustee is a "patron." Com-  
mon schools are not instituted for private  
benefit, but for the public good. The ob-  
ject is to prepare for the better exercise  
of the functions of citizenship. As the  
general and district tax, when voted, is  
levied upon all property-holders alike,  
whether deriving any direct benefit from  
the common-school or not, upon the the-  
ory that intelligence is one of the safe-  
guards of liberty; so this poll tax is lev-  
ied and must be paid, because the bene-  
fit of a well-conducted common-school  
accrues to the public.

## A Mutual Misunderstanding.

Detroit Free Press.

Two colored citizens Saturday had a  
little trouble on the postoffice corner.



# THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1875.

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Some exception has been taken to the statement that many of the wealthy class are inimical to public schools. We believe it to be true. We think that many wealthy, and also many advanced and progressive people, look down upon our public schools. More than that, we think the feeling is perfectly natural, perfectly just, and entirely the result of natural causes.

The reason that many people think and feel that the public school is not a fit place for their children, is because the public school is not a fit place for anybody's child. We are not inclined to the opinion that the feeling comes from any sort of aristocratic instinct, or a desire for exclusiveness. The fund arising from the school tax is a mere nucleus, and must be so regarded. The prevalent idea is that the present fund is provided expressly to build school houses, buy fuel, pay the teachers' salaries, and all the necessary expenses of the schools. As a matter of fact, the fund will not meet one-half of this outlay. Hence, half-starved teachers, rickety school houses, want of fires, a four month school instead of eight, and a school to which no one will send who can possibly do better. Under this state of case we grumble that people turn up their noses at the public school, and cry out "Aristocracy!" There is no aristocracy about it. It is simply a school inadequate to the wants of the community.

We do not wish to decry public schools. The system is better than none, and not for worlds would we see it abolished. As a mere foundation it serves its purpose. The trouble is, we attempt to keep house in the foundation without thinking of the superstructure. The school fund must be donated. How should it be done? As a pauper county, it would be for the interest of Ohio county to vote an increase of the school tax, for we get back one half more than we pay. Under the Massachusetts system each school district must, by private tax, raise an amount equal to the public money, which at last is an increased taxation. It is useless to cry out that "money is money this year," money is always money, has been and always will be. If times are more than usually stringent, a more rigid economy must be pursued. Then we shall be able to cheerfully meet the school tax. The result of the present system is, that every school is crowded full and running over. No teacher in the world can teach well more than thirty pupils, yet fifty, and even sixty are crowded upon them, and all because we shut our eyes to the fact that the public money is inadequate to the successful keeping of a five month school. In this state of affairs, we almost lose hope in finding that there are so many people who still oppose any school at all. However, a majority of the people at large are in favor of schools, and we cannot afford to waste pen and ink in making the dull ass mend his pace. We must have good schools at home as can be found abroad.

We must have at home, a public school, with which the private school cannot compete. Thousands of dollars leave Ohio county annually in the shape of sending children away to be educated. What good and sufficient reason can be found to explain why better schools can be found in adjoining counties than we can possibly organize here? Who can explain why the county-seat of Ohio county should be disgraced by the present school building? But more of this anon.

Arrangements are now making all over the county to commence the public schools. Let the active men of each district see to it that there is a suitable building provided; that the benches are made comfortable, and the whole school made attractive. More attention should be paid to the teacher than to the price. Get a good teacher and then make the best trade you can. Tell the people you need money; that it will be judiciously expended, and they will respond to the call. It is probable the richest man in the district will give the least. Deal with him as best you can, coax, cajole, and pound him; any way to get his money; the end justifies the means. If you fail, go to others who are not so rich. The man of average wealth is the most liberal, and universally bears the brunt of the expenses. Don't fall back and say "it's not my business." It is your business, and everybody's. That other fellow is not your excuse. Iago's advice was to put money in your purse at all hazards. We call upon every trustee to see to it that a sum be raised in his district equal to the public money. If it cannot be raised one way, raise it another. Make a public school what it ought to be, and everyone will send to it, and we shall hear no more of "aristocracy."

## OUR CANEVILLE LETTER.

CANEVILLE, Ky., Sept. 18.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

At last our citizens have awakened to a sense of duty, and seem to be turning their attention to religious affairs more than ever before. A protracted meeting was in progress here all last week, at which several were converted, and to-day another commenced by Eld. L. B. Davidson and Jessie Board, two excellent M. E. ministers. Our citizens have at last given the ball a kick and started it to rolling in the right direction. They have several hundred dollars subscribed, and Skaggs & Kennedy have taken a contract to erect a large and commodious church here for all denominations to preach in.

CAN'T SMELL WHOLE. Who! jr. belched at us considerably in the last issue of the Grayson county Herald but as he lives in North Caneyville distance prevented us from smelling the obnoxious odor.

## THE NEW JAIL.

The work on the new jail at Leitchfield is progressing rapidly. The contractors have begun to lay the brick, and have about twenty hands employed, and the building will be completed in a short time should the weather remain favorable.

## AT BUSINESS AGAIN.

We are glad to note that A. L. Blain of this place, who has been very low for two weeks, has recovered and is again able to be at business.

## GONE TO THE LECTURES.

J. N. Brandon, a son of Dr. R. W. Brandon, left this place Thursday last for Louisville, where he will remain five months and attend medical lectures.

## WANTS THE LADIES TO CALL.

Jops house is about complete. Come ladies and see how you like it.

## HE WAS AGENT FOR CHURNS.

He was agent for a patent churn. He called on the firm of Porter & Eskridge last Tuesday and wanted to sell them some churns, they told him they did not want to buy. He persisted so earnestly, however, that clerk Gary, thought he would direct the gentleman to a well known public character, who, if he could be found, would undoubtedly buy at least one churn. Any how Gary asked him if he knew Thomas Collins Esq. He said he didn't; and asked if he was a man that would invest. Gary said he was, and sent him to the depot to hunt Collins. Collins had just gone to the post-office. He went to the post-office. Tom had just gone to Blain's bar-room. He went to the bar-room and was informed by Jno. Tilford, a friend of Mr. Collins, that he had just gone to South Caneyville. The Churn man hired a horse to make that point before train time. In South Caneyville he learned that Mr. Collins had just returned to the post-office. He met an acquaintance who told him that Mr. Collins had just passed up the street, and was looking for him. "Now that's just my luck," exclaimed the churn agent. "Here I have been running my legs off looking for Mr. Collins and now Mr. Collins is after me. Really this is too good!" and he slapped his hands with a full appreciation of the idea. It was noticeable that every one in the crowd at the store slapped their hands also twice to his once. "Why" he continued raising his voice to an enthusiastic pitch, "we may have actually passed each other on the street and not known it!" Whereat he laughed, and the crowd slapped their hands and more of it. Then he bid them a hasty good-bye and started on his chase, and the last we heard of him he was hunting for Will. T. Gary and not Tom Collins.

ROMEO PINKSTAFF.

## FROM LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 20.

EDITOR HERALD:—After repeated promises, I will give you a line from the city, now alive with gaiety and just enough political excitement to keep the ordinary ward politician at fever heat. Of course you will understand that the mayoralty canvass, which has already grown interesting and exciting, is the cause of the stir in political circles. Although the election is over two months in the future, the friends of the opposing candidates are working like beavers, and crimiinations and reprimands are hurled with the bitterest feelings by those who labored shoulder to shoulder in former political contests. Really the situation is creating no little alarm in the minds of many of the more staid citizens, as to how or when the feud will end. Money will be poured out without stint, and the election bumper, whose services are indispensable in the city, will have no lack of material out of which to create a first class riot. The worst passions of the ignorant are being appealed to in speeches and harangues of the most inflammatory character, and while many are thoroughly disgusted at the course of both demagogues and their paid yelpers, the

mentioned bumper is in a perfect heaven of delight. I wish I could give your readers an idea of what manner of being the bumper is. He is a professional, as well as the lawyer, the doctor, or any other class of men, and like others, he is dependent upon his success—his merit as a manipulator of conventions and elections, for a livelihood. His manner of procedure is this: he goes into primaries with his crowd of roughs well plied with mean whisky, has himself elected delegate, and sells the ward or precinct to the highest bidder. His genius is not yet exhausted, as you will see when he recovers from his arduous labors; and a few days before the election, he pockets a fee from the opposition candidate, and sells the ward again. This is no imaginary sketch, but true to the life, and no man who hopes to be elected to any office in the city can afford to dispense with his services.

We are now enjoying the benefit of the fast mail train from New York, which is doubtless the first step towards establishing fast lines all over the country. I suppose the time of the Paducah road will be changed so as to give the Green river country the benefit of the arrangement. It will only have to wait about thirty minutes longer, and you can then get New York papers the afternoon of the second day, or about thirty-six hours old, a saving of twenty-five hours to all points supplied by the agents on that line. We have two representatives from this county on the fast line, whose business it will be to distribute and forward to the different routes and principal offices, all mail for this State. They were detailed from the Louisville and Nashville postal route, and are well posted, efficient clerks, who will not let Kentucky suffer any inconvenience from delayed mails.

In a future letter I will give you a more detailed account of how this postal car system is managed, perhaps it will prove interesting to some of your readers, but will not trespass further at present.

## FROM TAYLORTOWN.

TAYLORTOWN, Sept. 15, 1875.

A FORTUNE BEARING TREE.

Last spring Mr. Hain, Brown hired a young man from Butler county, by the name of Austin Brown. Said young man told Mr. Brown the following curious incident: He said seven or eight years since, a man of very doubtful character, stayed at their house for some time. He gambled whenever opportunity offered. Said man's name was Bill, Bumpus (or so he styled himself). While Bumpus was staying with Brown, he (Bumpus), heard that some men were at Rochester for the purpose of arresting him, when he heard this he took Brown with him in the woods, placed \$1700.00 in a hollow tree, (nine hundred dollars in greenbacks and the rest in gold and silver), and told Brown that if the men arrested him, and he heard nothing from him in eighteen months, for him to take the money and use it. The men did arrest Bumpus, and Brown never has heard from him since. Brown has been afraid to take the money for fear that there might be something wrong in regard to it, but last Saturday night (so he says) he went and got the money, which he says he now has.

Some people remember the arrest of Bumpus, although it is a strange story. N. B.—Brown has been trying to play the devoted to a handsome widow, but has a rival in a gentleman who told said widow that he had \$1700.00 in cash. I wonder if Brown's luck will not turn the current in his favor?

H. B. T.

## "R. C." TALKS AGAIN.

No CREEK, Ky., Sept. 21.

EDITOR HERALD:—By making an attack on the institutes I find I have got myself into business, and like a buffalo, surrounded by a pack of wolves, I no sooner repel an attack on one side than I am pitched into on the other. The task before me appears Herculean, and instead of the clouds lifting and the scene before me brightening up, and in the language of Pope,—

The increasing prospect tires my wandering eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise

J. O'F. comes into the field full of "wrath and cabbage," and throws mud as freely as an old roadster; he flings mud at me, at "G. M. R." at the school commissioner, and at the county board of magistrates; and appears to have no love nor reserve for anybody but himself and the conductors of institutes, whom he calls "gentlemen of the first water," by which I suppose he means gentlemen with the *Hydrops Capitis*, or big-head, like himself. He seems to think two dollars a very small consideration for the opportunity of having the company of a teacher of an institute. Kentuckyans have a great weakness of looking on themselves as gentlemen; and are so jealous of that character, that to deny it to their faces, would instantly subject one to the danger of a rap on the nasal protuberance. He talks of "ethical dignity," and honorable intercourse among teachers, and then illustrates his meaning by the application of such terms as "astute philologist," "predominant donkey," "sylvan philosopher,"—by the last of which term he intimates that my philosophy smells of the woods. I would say from the peculiar shape of his initials, that J. O'F.'s philosophy smells of the logs. He is particularly sensitive on the subject of institutes, from which fact I would judge that he either belongs to the "ring" or has a great ambition to do so. If he can just get the title of Dr. or Prof. stuck to his name he can knock round over the country during vacation holding institutes, instruct the people, and make "gentlemen" of the teachers, and besides all that, make his "jack" very handsomely. An institute teacher reminds me of St. Anthony—

"St. Anthony at church was left in the lurch, So he went to the ditches and preached to the fishes.

No sermon beside him the fish so edified; Much delighted were they, but preferred the old way."

Teachers can be forced to attend the institutes by fines and forfeitures; but attending is one thing and learning is another, and so long as legal compulsion is resorted to, will the institutes be obnoxious and hateful to those for whose benefit they purport to have been created.

He contends for a uniformity of school books. Why should he at-

tempt to galvanize and bolster up a dead issue? The law that was passed to affect that object is as inert as a ball of dough, and as unproductive as a grindstone without a crank. The public mind is not sufficiently enslaved for the enforcement of such a law, and it is to be hoped never will be—and it is also to be hoped that the school law from which so many blessings are anticipated may never become an engine of oppression to make the people groan instead of rejoice. Some school officers go so far as to advocate the doctrine of compulsory attendance at school, such an idea is anti-American, and despotic, and no man having any love for a democratic government ought to be heard vindicating a system so monstrous. It is the duty of a teacher to use whatever books his pupils may carry to school, and not scold and storm as some do, because they cannot have everything to suit their own convenience—they never think of the continual expense to patrons of buying new books, when, perhaps there is any quantity of old books lying on the shelves as good as new. Teachers owe it to their patrons to favor their interests more than the evil projects of book sellers, who are eternally seeking some pretext to change their books and drive the previous editions out of the schools in order to throw new batches of books on the public, and extort from the people fresh supplies of money.

R. C.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Farm for Sale

On the 21 day of November, 1875, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, the farm of Archibald Patterson, dec'd., said farm lying on the Hartford and Condit's ferry road, 14 miles from Ft. Pleasant, in Ohio county. It contains one hundred acres cleared, and 67 in woods; has good dwelling house, barn, crib, dairy, orchard, well and cistern. Terms: three equal payments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from day of sale, purchaser giving bond and approved security.

G. W. PATTERSON, Executor.

### SAM LARKINS,

FASHIONABLE

BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,

Would respectfully announce that he has returned to Hartford, and resumed the Barbering business in all its branches, at his old stand, the first door northwest of W. H. Williams' Store, where he will be happy to receive the patronage of the public.

### LIST OF PRICES.

Hair Cutting.....25 cents.

Shaving.....10 "

Shampooing.....25 "

Dyeing whiskers and mustaches, from 25 cents to \$1.00.

He is always at his post, and guarantees satisfaction with his work.

n33-3m

### RUFER'S HOTEL

AND

Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL. T. GERMAN, Proprietors.

AMERICANS WELCOME.

n33-3m

### MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing AN EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county.

### M. & K.

will take this occasion to notify the farmers of Ohio and Kentucky, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county.

### TOBACCO

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county.

### POND'S EXTRACT!

The People's Remedy for External and Internal Use.

POND'S EXTRACT CURES

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PAMPHLET containing History and Uses mailed free on application, if not found at your Druggist.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,

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### TASTELESS

AND

MEDICINES

A prominent New York physician lately complained to DUNDAS DICK & CO., about their SANDALWOOD OIL CAPSULES, stating that some patients they cured miraculously, but that a patient of his had taken them without effect—on being told that several imitations were sold he inquired and found his patient had not been taking DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S.

What happened to this physician may have happened to others, and DUNDAS DICK & CO. take this method of protecting physicians, druggists and themselves, and preventing OIL of SANDALWOOD from coming into disrepute.

PHYSICIANS who once prescribe the Capsules will continue to do so, for they contain the pure OIL in the best and cheapest form.

DUNDAS DICK & CO. use more OIL of SANDALWOOD than all the Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Perfumers in the United States combined, and this is the sole reason why the pure OIL is sold cheaper in their Capsules than in any other form.

OIL of SANDALWOOD is fast superseding every other remedy, sixty Capsules only being required to insure a safe and certain cure in six to eight days. From no other medicine can this result be had.

DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S SOFT CAPSULES solve the problem long considered by eminent physicians, of how to avoid the nausea and disgusting experience in swallowing, which are well known to detract from, if not destroy, the good effects of many valuable remedies.

Soft Capsules are put up in tin-fol and neat boxes, thirty in each, and are the only Capsules prescribed by physicians.

TASTELESS MEDICINES.—Castor Oil and many other nauseous medicines can be taken easily and safely in DUNDAS DICK & CO.'S SOFT CAPSULES. NO TASTE. NO SMELL.

These were the only Capsules admitted to the last Paris Exposition.

SOLED AT ALL DRUG STORES HERE.

n33-4w

### MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

E. A. Truman's Adm., pliff. } Equity.

against

E. A. Truman's heirs, dfts.

All persons having claims against the estate of E. A. Truman, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven, to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.O.C.C.

July 14, 1875.

28a3m

### W. H. HARDWICK, A. T. NALL,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS,

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QUERNSWAKE, &c.

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market price.

n33-4w

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—BY—  
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,  
AT THE PRICE OF  
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The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is  
prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,  
in advance.

Should the paper be sent by mail, we will  
send it by express, and will not add to our  
costs unless the subscriber desires it.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;  
except those of saloons, hotels and dealers in  
intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our  
columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for pub-  
lication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising and job  
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

### CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.  
Hon. J. H. Hays, Attorney, Elizabethtown.  
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.  
B. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May  
and November, and continues four weeks each  
term.

### COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every  
month.

### QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,  
July and October.

### COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Mondays in October and  
January.

### OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cincinnati.  
G. Smith, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

### MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Caney District, No. 1.—P. H. Alfred, Justice,  
held March 5, June 17, September 4, December  
18. E. F. Tilford, Justice, held March 18, June  
4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,  
Justice, held March 5, June 15, September 11, De-  
cember 18. D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held  
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Bender,  
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 29,  
December 15. T. S. Barnett, Justice, held  
March 16, June 28, September 13, December  
30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,  
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, De-  
cember 27. S. Woodward, Justice, held March 21,  
June 10, September 25, December 11.

Fortville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb,  
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-  
ber 22. J. L. Barton, Justice, held March 23, June  
7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March  
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas.  
Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 8, September  
23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper,  
Justice, held March 13, June 25, September 11, De-  
cember 29. A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 23,  
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Crownwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,  
Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29, De-  
cember 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17,  
June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,  
Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 13, De-  
cember 28. Jno. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26,  
June 12, September 23, December 14.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G.  
Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, September  
21, December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, held  
March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,  
Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10, De-  
cember 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23,  
June 9, September 24, December 10.

### POLICE COURTS.

Hartford.—P. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mon-  
day in January, April, July and October.  
Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first  
Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Crownwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first  
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.  
Coralville.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-  
urday in March, June, September and Decem-  
ber.

### WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1875.

### W. R. BONNER, LOCAL EDITOR.

### Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will  
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent  
need of some money. We cannot run a  
newspaper without money, and hence we  
are under the necessity of collecting as  
fast as amounts fall due.

### Special Notice

We have erased from our subscrip-  
tion list the names of all subscribers  
whose time has expired. We hope they  
will all renew.

We will send THE HERALD from now  
until the 1st of January next to any  
address for 50 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with  
name, post-office address, county and  
State, legibly written.

Jno. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
Hartford, Ky.

### Pretty cold days, these.

L. J. Lyon has a new sign, it is the  
most attractive of any in town.

Have your skates sharpened, for  
they will soon be in demand unless it  
gets warmer.

Capt. Sam. K. Cox left for the  
Louisville Exposition Monday.

Manzy & Hart's advertisement  
speaks for itself. Read it, and you  
will see what they propose to do.

The wife of Mr. Lee Lumpkin, ed-  
itor of the Owensboro Examiner, died  
on Sunday the 12th inst.

### BORN.

Born, on Thursday, the 16th day of  
September, 1875, to Mrs. LUCY  
KLEIN, wife of JOHN M. KLEIN, of  
this place, a daughter—LUCY.

There will be an effort made at the  
October term of the Ohio County  
Court to change the voting place in  
District No. four from Bell's Store to  
Buford.

Rev. Mr. Cundiff did not preach at  
the courthouse Sunday morning, but  
delivered a fine sermon Sunday night.

Mr. Isaac Dovesse, of Grayson  
county, called on us last Friday. He  
is a good fellow, and sharp as a tack.

E. Small returned home from the  
East last Saturday where he has been  
to buy a large stock of goods, which  
he is now receiving.

### All the Latest Styles

of clothing at J. Winter & Co., Lou-  
isville. Garments made to order. See  
for yourselves when you visit the city.  
Prices moderate and every article  
guaranteed.

Mr. William Wallace Maxwell was  
in town last Friday, and paid this of-  
fice a visit and left his name and money  
for a copy of the HERALD, an example  
which all good citizens ought to imi-  
tate.

Our friends in and about Rockport,  
will endeavor to have a voting district  
established at the next term of County  
Court, with Rockport, as the place of  
voting.

We desire to call the attention of  
our readers to the new advertisement  
of L. Rosenberg & Bro. They are  
among the liveliest business men of this  
place, and will do the fair thing with  
their customers. Give them a call  
whether you wish to make a purchase  
or not.

The Novelities of the Season  
at the great Clothing House of J.  
Winter & Co., corner 3d and Market  
streets, Louisville. Don't buy else-  
where until you have seen their mag-  
nificent stock and heard their low  
prices.

Mr. Grossie B. Williams was elected  
delegate to represent Hartford  
Lodge at the Grand Lodge, which  
will be held in Louisville, commenc-  
ing October 12, 1875.

We are obliged to Deputy County  
Clerk, E. R. Murrell, for furnishing us,  
with a list of the taxable property in  
Ohio county, which we will pub-  
lish next week.

We are glad to announce that Dr.  
W. J. Berry, who has been sick for  
several days past, was on the streets a  
few days ago.

General Seldon Connor, Governor  
elect of Maine, was formerly a pupil  
of Westbrook Seminary, Me., of Mal-  
colm McIntyre, Principal of Hartford  
Seminary.

We hear of several new buildings  
being erected in town. This looks  
like business, and is a good indication  
that times are better than they have  
been.

Mr. W. P. Walton, editor of the  
Stanford Interior Journal, and Miss  
Kate Huffman, were married at Stan-  
ford, Ky., September 14th. We wish  
them much joy.

Among the many attractions at the  
Owensboro Fair, will be a grand bal-  
loon ascension. We are sorry the Di-  
rectors of our association have aban-  
doned the idea of having anything of  
this kind. Lively people make lively  
times, and thus Owensboro prospers.

Mr. Jerome B. Wells returned to  
his home in this place from a pleasure  
trip to London, England, and to Glas-  
gow, Scotland, via New York and  
Louisville, last Thursday. We are in-  
debted to him for two very interesting  
letters, which appeared in former is-  
sues, and hope he will give us more in  
regard to his travels.

Jas. H. Likens, a farmer who re-  
sides a few miles from town, was haul-  
ing some household furniture to  
Dixon, Ky., one day last week, and  
on his return home, fell from his wag-  
on and was run over, the wheels pass-  
ing over his neck and breast, which  
will probably cause him to lose his  
life. His wife was sent for immedi-  
ately. Mr. Likens would take his  
"liddy" when an opportunity offered  
itself, and it is thought by many that  
he was under the influence of whisky  
when he met with this misfortune.

Farmers have been busy for the  
last few days cutting their tobacco.  
We have reports from various portions  
of the county, and can safely say there  
is two-thirds of a crop, and looks well.  
If it can be housed without being frost-  
bitten, more money will be realized  
from this staple than has been in either  
of the last two years.

We call attention to the advertise-  
ments of the Master Commissioner.  
There are several estates referred to  
him, and he will close his reports on  
the 16th day of October, 1875, and the  
claims not filed by that time will be  
left out in the cold.

We received yesterday evening,  
some Premium Lists of the Calhoun  
Fair, which commences Tuesday, Oc-  
tober 19, and continues five days.  
They were printed at the Progress of-  
fice, an institution of which Calhoun  
should be justly proud. They are  
neatly executed, and are a credit to  
the office.

News reached us Saturday, of the  
burning of the hub and spoke factory,  
in the city of Owensboro, Friday night.  
This enterprise had not long been es-  
tablished, but the large orders it was  
daily filling enabled it to give employ-  
ment to quite a number of workmen.  
We are always sorry to hear of the  
progress of so thriving a city impeded  
by a misfortune like this. We did  
not learn whether it was insured or not.

Harrison Baird, who lives a few  
miles north of Hartford, was up before  
F. P. Morgan, Police Judge of Hart-  
ford, one day last week on a peace  
warrant sworn out by his wife. Her  
evidence was that he had beaten her  
over the head with stove wood and  
sticks, had struck her with the rocking  
chair, and had thrown fire-irons and  
chairs at her, had choked her and cut  
her with a knife. She says he has  
been mistreating her ever since their  
marriage. If this be true, he ought  
to be severely dealt with. The judge  
required him to give a bond in the  
sum of \$100 to keep the peace, which  
he finally did, and was discharged.  
However badly a wife may behave, it  
is cowardly in a husband to beat and  
bruise her up.

Call and leave your order with W. C.  
Chapman, (agt.) for fruit trees from the  
Greenview Nursery. Fruit trees adapted  
to the soil and climate at reduced rates.  
Also grape vines from Knott & Chap-  
man's vineyard, the best variety in the  
State. n55-2m.

Mr. Louis G. Arment left this place  
for Louisville last Friday, where he  
will attend the medical lectures. We  
wish him success and a pleasant stay.

### Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage  
licenses issued since our last report:

Virgil A. Stuart and Mrs. Martha  
Underhill.

William Hamilton and Miss Marg-  
aret M. Tooley.

### Transfers of Real Estate.

The following transfers of real estate  
have been lodged for record since our last  
report, viz:

Felix H. Black to Garland D.  
Black, 42 1/2 acres on Panther Creek,  
\$300 00.

Geo. W. Gibson to Robert W. Gib-  
son, 1/2 of 150 acres on Hardinsburg  
road, \$300 00.

Stephen Westerfield to school dis-  
trict No. 83, \$4 00

We are thankful for a complimentary  
ticket to attend the Muhlenberg  
County Agricultural and Mechanical  
Association, which commences on the  
13th day of October, 1875. We would  
be glad to attend, but it comes off on  
the same time of our own fair.

Meeting of the Ohio County Coun-  
cil.

The next regular meeting of the  
Ohio County Council, P. of H., will  
be held at the courthouse in Hartford,  
on Friday, October 1st, 1875.

### R. P. HOCKER, Sec'y.

Hon. R. P. Hocker, Representative  
elect from this county, has been seri-  
ously ill for the past two weeks, but  
when we last heard from him, he was  
in a fair way of recovery.

Hon. Finis H. Little, formerly of  
Calhoun, Ky., but of Aberdeen,  
Mississippi, has received the Republi-  
can nomination for Congress in his  
district.

The Princeton Boyer says George  
D. E. Fogle has a hog that will worm  
tobacco. Our Granger friends had  
better invest a little in that breed of  
hogs.

John P. Barrett, Esq., editor of the  
Hartford HERALD, was in the city dur-  
ing the week. He is a genial gen-  
tleman, and we hope to meet him of-  
tener and know him better.—Owens-  
boro Examiner.

Thank you, Mr. Armstrong. The  
desire for a further acquaintance is  
mutual. Come and see us.

Major John P. Barrett, our genial  
conferee of that spicy, enterprising  
and popular sheet, THE HARTFORD HER-  
ALD, honored us with a call on yester-  
day. Major Barrett has been identi-  
fied with the HERALD since its first  
establishment, although not actively,  
his legal duties as one of Hartford's  
prominent lawyers, demanding the  
greater part of his time. Mr. Gruelle,  
however, having retired from the HER-  
ALD as its editor, Major Barrett has  
ascended the tripod, and wields a trean-  
chant blade. We trust the Major had  
a pleasant time, and will carry with  
him pleasant memories of his stay in  
our midst.—Owensboro Monitor.

Yes, we had a pleasant time, and  
one of the greatest pleasures to us was  
to form the acquaintance of Brigadier  
General Campbell.

Charles Southerland and James  
J. Nester, (white), and John Priest,  
(colored), were arrested in Owensboro  
last week, charged with burglary.  
They were caught in the very act.  
They were held over on bail of \$600  
each.

The board of Directors of the Ohio  
County Agricultural and Mechanical  
Fair Association held a meeting last  
Saturday. Mr. Z. Wayne Griffin re-  
signed as President, and was tendered  
a vote of thanks for the manner in  
which he has presided and conducted  
the affairs of the association. Mr. J.  
Warren Barnett, first Vice President,  
is now President. Jas. A. Thomas  
was appointed to rent out the booths.  
A. T. Hall was appointed as agent to  
make contracts with all persons desir-  
ing privileges inside during the fair.

It was decided to have no balloon  
ascension this year. R. B. Johnson was  
appointed ring-master. The Presi-  
dent was authorized to make a contract  
with some one to furnish feed. The  
prospects are bright for a very inter-  
esting fair. Come everybody, and  
let's have a good old time. Remember  
it begins on the 12th of October, and  
continues five days.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of Walton's Creek  
Grange, held September the 11th, 1875,  
the following resolutions were unani-  
mously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to the  
Almighty Disposer of events, to re-  
move from our midst our late worthy  
and esteemed fellowmember, Oliver P.  
Rowe; and

WHEREAS, The intimate relations  
long held by the deceased with the  
members of this Grange, renders it  
proper that we should place upon record  
our appreciation of his services as a  
Patron, and his merits as a man; there-  
fore,

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of  
Oliver P. Rowe with deep feeling of  
regret, softened only by the confident  
hope that his spirit is with those who,  
having fought the good fight here, are  
enjoying perfect happiness in a better  
world.

Resolved, That we tender to his af-  
flicted relatives our sincere condolence,  
and our earnest sympathy in their af-  
fliction at the loss of one who was a  
good citizen, a devoted Patron, and an  
upright man.

Resolved, That we sincerely regret  
the inability of the members of this  
Grange to attend our deceased brother  
to the grave in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-  
tions, signed by the Master, and certi-  
fied by the Secretary of this Grange be  
transmitted to the relatives of the de-  
ceased.

Resolved, That the HARTFORD HER-  
ALD be requested to publish the above  
resolutions. J. R. WADE, Master,  
J. M. BISHOP, Sec'y.

Wallace Gruelle has severed his  
connection with the HARTFORD HERALD  
by transferring his interest to W. R.  
Bonner and W. A. Gibson, both of  
whom are printers and clever young  
men, and will aid in continuing to  
make the HERALD a welcome visitor  
to many an Ohio county home. We  
wish them success.—Mesa County  
Progress.

Thanks, Brother Walter, for your  
compliments and kind wishes.

Dora Sullenger was up before his  
honor, F. P. Morgan, Police Judge of  
Hartford, on Thursday last, charged  
with taking some rails that was not his  
own. There was no case against him,  
however, and a "nolle prosequi" was  
entered, and he was discharged. Dora  
has always been regarded as one of our  
best colored men, and has been trusted  
in various ways by different parties,  
and has always come out square, and  
we regret that he was arrested when  
there was no sufficient cause.

The Beaver Dam Lottery Suit.

This was a suit brought by J. H.  
Miller et al. vs. G. M. Bibb et al. at the  
May term of the Ohio Circuit Court,  
1874, and was decided in favor of the  
plaintiffs. An appeal was taken by  
the defendants to the court of Appeals,  
and was argued before that court on  
the 19th day of February, 1875; Since  
that time, nothing has been heard from  
it until yesterday, when the judgment  
of the lower court was affirmed.

It was announced by Rev. Mr.  
Cundiff, on last Sunday night, that a  
marriage would take place in the altar  
at the courthouse yesterday morning,  
and an invitation was extended to all.  
The parties were Mr. D. H. Brown,  
of Masonville, Daviess county, Ky.,  
and Miss Lou Stetler, of this place.  
The ceremony was performed by Rev.  
B. A. Cundiff, at 7 1/2 o'clock, after  
which the happy pair started for the  
Louisville and Cincinnati Expositions.  
We wish them unbounded pleasure,  
and may success and happiness attend  
them.

On and after October 1st a daily ac-  
commodation train will be run on the  
Evansville, Owensboro & Nashville  
Railroad. This is business. Not only  
will the placing of this train upon the  
road greatly benefit the mercantile in-  
terests of Owensboro, but it will be a  
convenience to the people along the  
line of the road which they cannot fail  
to appreciate. Such an arrangement  
has been long needed, and should re-  
ceive the support which the importance  
of the enterprise merits.

Trains will leave the Junction at 6 or  
7 o'clock in the morning, arriving in  
this city at 10 A.M., and returning will  
leave Owensboro at 3:30 P.M., thus af-  
fording ample time for those who live  
at a distance to do their trading and re-  
turn home the same day. A handsome  
passenger coach will be put upon the  
road, and no pains will be spared by  
Capt. R. S. Triplett to make all who  
travel over the road comfortable.—  
Owensboro Examiner.

We have received a very interest-  
ing letter from Louisville, which ap-  
pears in to-day's paper, and are prom-  
ised more from the same source. Read  
it, and post yourself in regard to the  
city affairs.

Mr. George Banger, Deputy Sher-  
iff of this county, had a fine horse to  
kill itself Monday night, in trying to  
jump a picket fence, the pickets tear-  
ing his entrails out.

Thanks to Mrs. Vaught for edibles  
last night.

Messrs. Jas. A. Thomas, W. C.  
Chapman, John Minkoff, and W. F.  
Gregory left yesterday morning for the  
Louisville exposition.

A Tribute of Love.

Died in Ohio county, Kentucky, on the  
10th of September, 1875, WILLIE, only  
child of JOHN and LIZZIE LEACH, aged  
two years, one month and eighteen days.

Willie was a child of rare intelli-  
gence, very affectionate, and the idol  
of his fond parents hearts. Sweet but  
unblown, that angels have been watch-  
ing and loving—but alas! the spoiler  
came and touched with his icy hands,  
that little heart; chilled it, and the  
bud drooped cold and still.

The spirit of WILLIE left its cas-  
ket, (beautiful in its ruins), and as-  
cended to Him, who said "Suffer lit-  
tle children to come unto me, and for-  
bid them not, for of such is the king-  
dom of Heaven." Let WILLIE's loved  
ones console themselves with this re-  
flection—although he has left you, and  
you can no longer hear his innocent  
prattle, can no longer see his sparkling  
black eyes, can no longer hear the  
patter of his little feet—yet remem-  
ber, he is an angel of light and is now  
swelling the infant choir, that sur-  
rounds the throne of Jesus. In that  
beautiful land where the rude storms  
of life are o'er, where bright flowers  
forever bloom, and the "pure in heart"  
dwell; there WILLIE awaits your com-  
ings. LOIS.

ROSE, Ky., Sept 15th, 1875.

## HARTFORD RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by Wm. H. Williams.

Hartford, Ky., Sept. 22, 1875.  
Apples, dred, p bush.....\$ 1 50@ 1 75  
Apples, green, p bush..... 50@ 75  
Bacon, (sides) p lb..... 15  
Beans, (hams) p lb..... 15@ 16  
Beans, p bush..... 1 25@ 1 50  
Brooms, p doz..... 3 50  
Butter, p lb..... 15@ 20  
Candles, p lb..... 25@ 40  
Candles, p lb..... 25@ 28  
Coffee, p lb..... 25@ 28  
Cheese, p lb..... 25@ 28  
Crackers, p lb..... 15@ 25  
Coal oil, p gallon..... 30@ 36  
Chickens, p doz..... 1 50@ 1 75  
Corn, p barrel..... 3 00  
Cotton-seeds..... nominal  
Eggs, p doz..... 8@ 10  
Flour, p barrel..... 6 00@ 7 00  
Honey, p lb..... 4@ 6  
Hay, p 100 b..... 75@ 85  
Hides, green, salted, p lb..... 5@ 6  
Hides, dried flat, p lb..... 10@ 12 1/2  
Lard, p lb..... 18@ 20  
Lard oil, p gallon..... 1 25 2 50  
Lime, p barrel..... 2 00@ 2 50  
Meal, unbolthead, p bush..... 75@ 1 00  
Mackerel, p kit..... 1 50@ 2 00  
Mackerel, p barrel..... 8 50@ 10 00  
Nails, p keg, 10d..... 4 25@ 5 50  
Oysters, p can..... 12@ 20  
Onions, p barrel..... 3 00  
Peaches, fresh, p bushel..... 40@ 50  
Peaches, dried, p bushel..... 1 50@ 1 75  
Rice, p lb..... 12 1/2  
Salt, p barrel..... 2 50  
Sugar, N. O. p lb..... 10@ 12 1/2  
Sugar, C. p lb..... 12@ 14  
Sugar, crushed powd, p lb..... 17 1/2  
Sorgho, p lb..... 5@ 6  
Starch, p lb..... 10  
Soda, p lb..... 10  
Tallow, p lb..... 6  
Tar, p gallon..... 50@ 60  
Teas, p lb..... 1 50@ 2 00  
Tobacco, manufac'd, p lb..... 75@ 1 50

## SAVE YOUR EYES.



## OUR PEBBLE SPECTACLES

And Eye Glasses are the best for failing sight. Cut and polished from the "Real Stone," they are perfectly transparent (will cut glass like a diamond). Being harder than the glass, they receive a finer polish and always retain it. One pair carefully suited to your eyes will last as long as five pairs of the best glass, besides preserving the sight almost unimpaired all that time. By our new system for testing the sight, we are enabled to suit any eye so accurately that no injurious efforts will follow. We repair Spectacles and Eye Glasses, and insert Pebbles or the best Glass Lenses in old frames. Our Bi-Focal Spectacles are for old people who require spectacles to see far off as well as near by only one pair being required. To persons who cannot call on us we send our new illustrated Price List which shows how to order. C. P. BARNES & BRO., Opticians, Main st., be. Sixth and Seventh (Louisville Hotel Block), Louisville, Ky.

## FIRST New Goods

OF THE SEASON,

WM. H. WILLIAMS, HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizen of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily, THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN DRY GOODS,

Gents' and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps, BOOTS & SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or





AGRICULTURAL.

## Middlemen.

I am no Granger, though not unfavorable to the Order. I bid God speed to any society that will do good, and if the Patrons of Husbandry do not too far lose sight of its original principle, I believe it will do good. Still, I do not propose to join them, as I believe the good they will do could be accomplished in a better way. But this is not what I intend to write about. Middlemen is my theme—the hunted, despised, forsaken middlemen. The Grangers say they want to make them producers, instead of useless consumers. The object seems to be to drive them on to the farm, make them plow, sow, reap and mow, and add to the already overflowing granaries of the West. Would this really benefit the farmer? Is it to his interest to increase the number of producers? Would it not be better to double the number of consumers? This is the very difficulty, itself, in the West. There are too many producers, and not enough consumers. This is what makes low prices and hard times. Grain must be shipped across the continent and to Europe, at an enormous expense, to obtain buyers. If an army of middlemen, with plenty of money, were let loose in each of the great grain producing States to-day, we should see prices run up rapidly, and better times would come at once. All the traders of the country are middlemen, strictly, and their number is legion. They must live, and to their activity and energy the farmer is largely indebted for what little stir there is in the financial world. Banish all these consumers, or worse yet, turn them to producers of farm products, and the farmer would very soon pray to be delivered "from himself."

This question is regarded by Grangers only on one side. They can see nothing but the "commission ye middlemen gets," and the benefits, the advantages, are totally disregarded. Give the devil his due. If you want to fight, "take a man of your own size." Go for monopolies, and corruption in high places, and ignorance and superstition in low places, and all the various forms of evil that exist in the land. Don't begrudge the merchant his little "five per cent.," and give the dram-seller "two hundred," besides your character and hopes of salvation. We do not intimate that Grangers are favorable to the liquor interest, but we know some members to whom this advice will apply, and they are loudest in their denunciations of middlemen.

I said the Order could be the means of accomplishing good, but it must return to its "first love"—the moral, educational, and social elevation of its members—if it would save itself. The saving and getting of money seems to be the principal objects, and all the noble sentiments expressed in the original "Declaration of Principles," which I can heartily endorse, are rarely referred to, much less labored for.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

## The Press and Our Order.

Has it ever occurred to the members of our Order that the great lever in the Grange movement has been the Press? Our enemies realize this, and are seeking in every way to undermine and destroy this great influence. They see that without the agency of the press we are at their mercy. They realize its importance, and bring it to bear against us with all the power of which they are capable. The noble army of papers that have been battling for the farmer have had no royal road upon which to travel. Attacked on all sides by the old established journals of the land, they had to be very vigilant lest some advantages might be taken and the cause suffer unjustly. There are about twenty papers in the United States that are avowed advocates of the Order; these have worked manfully, and they are gratified that their efforts have not been in vain. They have met and won many opponents; have encouraged weak Patrons; furnished them potent arguments with which to combat ignorance, and have made the farming interest a power in the land, instead of, as before, a prey to middlemen. Heretofore the farmers as a class have had no champions, and they have permitted themselves to be despised and snubbed on every hand; now they are commencing to feel their importance as a class, and it is mainly due to the influence of that portion of the Press that has advocated their cause. Will they appreciate this, and see to it that their organs are sustained? Every Patron and, indeed, farmer should subscribe to a paper of this nature. Farm-

ing must be upheld and vindicated through the Press, and the farmer must keep posted through papers devoted to his interests. The little money it takes to subscribe to a good paper will not be missed by the farmer, while it will, when a sufficient number subscribe, sustain the paper.—*Weekly Grange.*

## National Grange Principles.

The following declarations of purposes were enunciated at the late meeting of the National Grange, which principles faithfully adhered to, they claim, will insure their mental, moral, social and material advancement.

We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects:

1. To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves.
2. To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits.
3. To foster mutual understanding and co-operation.
4. To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other in labor to hasten the good time coming.
5. To reduce our expenses, both individual and co-operative.
6. To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining.
7. To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate.
8. To increase the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel, and more on hoof and in fleece.
9. To systematize our work and calculate intelligently on probabilities.
10. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.
11. We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, and in acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as occasion may require.
12. We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the Grange.
13. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will, vital brotherhood among ourselves and to make our order perpetual.
14. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition.

## To Cure Split Hoofs.

I had a horse that had both hoofs split from top to bottom. He could not walk without his feet spreading apart. I kept him for three months on straw one foot deep in the stable, but all did no good. At last I went to the blacksmith shop and had heavy shoes made which spread wide at the heels. To these heavy shoes there was welded, at the outside of each heel, a piece made of shoe nail iron. These pieces were made to fit well around the foot, about an inch below the hair. I let the piece come together within half an inch each and turned up about three-fourths of an inch. In the turn-up part a hole was made to receive a bolt an inch long with a square head and screw and nut on the other end. On nailing the shoes on and putting the bolt in and screwing on the nut the foot was brought together. In this way I was enabled to work him every day if I wished. Previous to this my horse had not walked one mile in three months. Next day after I had the shoes put on I drove him in a carriage twenty miles, and I have used him right along.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

## About Fattening Cattle.

The price of cattle fattened for market depends on the symmetry of the animal, as well as the "fat" style, as shippers term it. Good blood is important, but not absolutely necessary, to make what is termed a good seller. In order to fatten a steer to bring the highest market price, he must be kept in a growing condition from a calf, and in no case allowed to go hungry. It is the starving first and second winters which wills and shrivels up a steer, that causes him to be sold at a reduced price. No amount of feeding will make him a first-class seller, no difference what his color or blood. An animal well fed, of any blood, from a calf until the spring he is three years old, will be smooth, with bones well covered and will sell at a profit; while a half-starved animal becomes crooked in the back, bones projecting, and shriveled up, takes the best part of summer to get in condition to live, and will not be in condition for market until he is four years old, and then will bring a price which is unsatisfactory to the producers and to every one that handles him. This is no theory, but a fact deduced from close observation, as I have tested the plan for several years. It will and does pay to feed corn to calves and to yearlings. They start out to grass in the spring strong and vigorous. You are then able to

market your cattle the spring they are three years old, weighing 1,400 pounds, which is heavy enough to bring the first price.

The best steer I sold in 1872 was a common native. He had all he could eat from a calf, and was never hungry. He was a handsome animal, and was worth more per pound than any I shipped in 1872.—*Drovers' Journal.*

Land for sweet potatoes should be plowed deep in the fall after the first frost, and again in early spring; and plowed as often as vegetation puts up until time to put out the potatoes, then make up the ridges with a plow and run a subsoiler as deep as possible in the middles and rebed. Put the potatoes out 18 to 24 inches apart, having a large ridge. When they need work hoe out and bar off a little of the base of the ridge so as to cover up the grass; hoe out or off of the ridge until it dies. In about a week throw back the ridge and up as much as possible to the roots of the vines; and in another week plough again with a large turning plow, throwing up the dirt higher on the outside of the ridge than in the middle; this will enable the ridge to hold the rain that falls on it, this is all the cultivation I ever give mine and I never fail to make a good crop if I get them planted early. I always bed out a large quantity of potatoes, so as to be able to put them out in the spring rains, it is not safe to trust to rains late in the season.—*Grange Reporter.*

## The Mission of the Grange.

This can be told in a few words. It is to elevate the farmer mentally, socially, morally and financially. That explains it all. As a sequence of all this, a better and more efficient system of agriculture will follow.

The Grange proposes to raise the standard of education for the benefit of farmers' sons and their daughters; to build up schools and Colleges; to establish libraries; to encourage circulation of useful papers; in a word, to diffuse intelligence among the industrial classes.

What nobler object than this? Who is ready to condemn it? It should be encouraged by all good citizens. How can we dignify labor and advance the cause of agriculture without intelligence? When the tillers of the soil, heretofore, more or less oblivious to the necessity of education, step forward, as they are now doing in the Grange, and concede the importance of more fully enlightening the agricultural mind, they should be encouraged and not ridiculed as many have done.

Gradually other classes are beginning to find out that the Grange was not organized to open fire upon them. Every true Patron will at once concede the necessity of having other classes, and he will strive, as far as he can, to work in harmony with them.

## Rye for Bots in Horses.

A prominent citizen and granger stated to me that some years ago he had a fine horse in bad health, and was advised to give him rye as a remedy for bots, or worms—taking the bundle and cutting fine from the head end, so as to use only the heads and the small end of the straw among the heads, mixing meal or bran with the fine-cut heads and straw, and then starving the horse a few hours, so that he would eat a good meal of it. My friend followed the prescription, and he states that he never saw so many worms come from a horse before under any treatment. His horse recovered his health and did good service for many years. My friend keeps up the use of the rye among his horses, with good effect. His horses are all fat.—*Cor. Weekly Grange.*

## The Poultry Interest.

According to a correspondent of the *Intelligencer*, there were shipped at the railroad station in Quakertown, Pa., from the 17th to the 24th of March, sixteen men sent from the same place four thousand two hundred and fifty-two dozen eggs (4,252 dozen), and they inform me that in a month from this time their shipments will be nearly double that amount. When we consider that this is merely the surplus of one neighborhood; after each family had used freely for its own use, the aggregate product seems almost incredible. This leads me to believe that the introduction of improved breeds of poultry is of more advantage to our farmers than that of any other stock.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

## Valuable Recipes.

**CLEANING PICTURE FRAMES.**—Black walnut frames will become dull and rusty looking. They may be renewed by first dusting thoroughly with a stiff brush to remove dust and then applying pure linseed oil, with a proper brush; in the absence of a brush, a piece of new bleached muslin will answer the purpose.

**SPANISH PICKLE.**—Take 1½ dozen large cucumbers—if fresh, put them in

brine 4 or 5 days—if salt, soak in water 24 hours; 2 heads of cabbage chopped fine; let the cabbage lie in salt 8 hours; 2 or 3 dozen seed onions; 8 green pepper pods, soaked in salt water. Squeeze all the above ingredients as dry as possible with the hands. Then place a layer of the articles in a kettle, alternately with a layer of seasoning composed of 2 ounces white mustard seed, 1 ounce celery seed, 1 25 cent box of Coleman's mustard, 1 ounce turmeric, and 2 pounds of white sugar, the whole mixed with a moderate quantity of good strong vinegar. Boil half an hour, or until it thickens, and then bottle tight.

**TO DRY PUMPKIN.**—Take the ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates, in layers not quite an inch thick; dry it in the stove oven, which should be kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day, it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stored in a dry place, and they are always ready for use for pies or sauces. The quick drying after cooking prevents any portion from slightly souring, as is nearly always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried; the flavor is much better preserved, and the after cooking is saved. Touse: Soak pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a nice pulp as delicious as the fresh pumpkin.

**PORK CUTLETS.**—Fry to a nice brown; beat three eggs with three spoonfuls of flour, dip each slice in the batter, and fry again, until the batter is cooked. This is very nice.

**SALT PORK STEW.**—Slice and fry the pork without freshening; put the pork, well drained, into a kettle of boiling water; add six potatoes sliced, and boil twenty minutes. Season to taste, and serve hot.

**GOOD PASTE.**—Paste that will keep unchanged in warm weather may be made in the following manner: Put a teaspoonful of powdered alum in two quarts of water, and let it boil. Mix a pint of flour with a pint of cold water, and stir it into the boiling alum water, continuing the boiling and stirring until the flour is cooked and the whole is clear, like starch. Add to this about half a teaspoonful of essential oil of cloves or cinnamon, strain through a wire gauze or perforated tin strainer, and bottle in wide mouthed jars, which should be corked to keep out dust.

**STET PUDDING.**—One cup suet, half-cup molasses, one and one-half cups sweet milk, three cups flour, two spoons baking powder, one cup raisins, one cup currants; butter the pan and steam two and one-half hours.

**BAKER'S BUNS.**—Mix 1½ pounds of sugar with 2 lbs of flour, make a hole in the center of the flour, and pour in half a pint of warm milk and two table-spoonfuls of yeast, make the whole into a batter, and set the dish before the fire, covered up, until the leaven begins to ferment; add to this 1½ lb of melted butter and milk enough to make a soft paste of all the flour, and let it rise again for half an hour; shape the dough into buns, and lay apart on a buttered tin, in rows, to rise for half an hour; bake in a quick oven. A few currants are added with the butter.

**ORANGE CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one-half a cup of butter, one-half cup of cold water, three eggs (reserving the whites of two for frosting), two even cups of sifted flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder, juice and pulp of one orange. Bake in three jelly tins. Make a frosting of the whites of the eggs, two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, and grated peel of one orange, spreading it on each layer.

**IOWA GINGER SNAPS.**—Take a coffee cup, put in three table-spoonfuls of boiling water, one teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of soda, three table-spoonfuls of butter or lard, and fill the cup with molasses. Mix up and roll out thin. These are favorites of all who eat them.

**POTATO SALAD.**—A most delicious dish may be made in the following manner: Cut eight or ten good sized cold boiled potatoes in very thin slices, chop half a small onion and a good sized apple very fine, pick the leaves from a handful of green parsley, rinse and chop them. Spread a layer of the potato in a chopping tray; sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onion, then the rest of the potato, more salt, and the other half of the parsley, apple and onion. Pour over the whole a half cup of the best sweet oil or melted butter, and add two-thirds of a cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully so as not to break the potatoes, put in a deep dish and garnish with parsley. Suitable for lunch or tea.

**TO RENOVATE WALL PAPER.**—Dip a woolen cloth in dry corn meal and rub the wall paper with it; this will remove the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread have the same effect.

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